VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1905. NUMBER 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Let him who has a grievance against his fellow, descend into himself and seek out whether he never has been good in the presence of that fellow. For myself, I have never met any one by whose side I have felt my invisible goodness bestir itself, without he has become, at that very instant, better than myself. Be good at the depths of you, and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near. While you are actively good in the invisible, all those who approach you will unconsciously do things that they could not do by the side of any other man. Therein lies a force that has no name; a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance.

—Maeterlinck.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905. NUMBER 3

No man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge—this is in his power.
—Priscilla Leonard.

A signal fire which should throw its warning beams wide and far, was that lighted by Mayor Minahan, of Green Bay, Wis., when he set the torch to more than two thousand dollars' worth of gambling paraphernalia, piled in the street before the City Hall, and reduced the whole costly outfit to ashes.

How slowly humanity rises to an apprehension of what is truly worth while finds ever new illustration. The Japanese have developed the sciences of surgery and sanitation to an astonishing degree. How astonishing is but now revealed in the report of the chief surgeon of General Oku's army. From this it appears that of 24,642 sick only 40 died. So effective was their surgery that 84 per cent of those wounded on the field of battle recovered. Yet every one of the military attaches permitted to accompany their armies from this country was chosen to study the Japanese methods of killing men; not one was sent to observe their methods of preserving health and saving life.

There is an ethical element which should not be overlooked in the present uprising against Standard Oil. The revolt of Kansas is important, not because the oil producers who were being fleeced by the Standard were rebellious, but because the loudest and most insistent cry for the State to oppose that organization's methods comes from the sections not directly interested, financially, in the struggle, but which are interested in the "right" of fair treatment. The same may be said of the States that have offered pecuniary assistance to Kansas to continue the fight. The day of deliverance from monopolistic control will dawn when the slow moral sense of the people wakens to the fact that it is Not Right.

Those who are frightened at the steady advance of Socialism overlook one very important feature of that movement. It is essentially a campaign of education. Their literature is enormous, much of it high in grade and steadily improving. There are bureaus of information; classes for systematic study; lectureships on principles and conditions. If nothing more comes of this agitation, the general intelligence of the working man will have been raised and the masses leavened by the diffusion of knowledge. This will conduce greatly to the good of the individual and to the substantial strengthening of the commonwealth. Much more will come of it, however, since such careful investigation of causes and effects, comparison of things that are with things that might be, will inevitably track to their lair many of the just causes of complaint which now are dimly felt but not located.

Convicted contrary to the evidence; sentenced by a judge in the incipient stages of insanity; robbed of name, children, fortune, and liberty; incarcerated in a foreign prison; held in durance years after Chief Justices, Queen's Counsel, Prime Ministers, and the public at large were convinced of her innocence; suffering daily indignities and heart-breaking humiliations; liberated only when the pressure of outraged opinion on two continents could no longer be resisted, the greatly wronged Mrs. Maybrick would seem entitled at least to exercise in freedom an American's rights in her own country. The British Government, however, asked the State Department of the United States not to permit her to lecture on the British penal system. Accordingly, she canceled her engagements. Meantime, Lord Russell, speaking at an important public meeting, says: "The English penal method is the most insane and brutal system ever invented for ruining a man physically and morally." Russia contented herself with blacking out George Kennan's Siberian articles from all publications entering that country. She did not ask the United States to restrain him from writing or lecturing at discretion.

A writer in a recent number of the *Outlook* makes an effective comparison between the mercantile and the religious interests of the day as evidenced by the insignificance of Trinity church in contrast with the sky-scraping business blocks which overshadow it. Every city can furnish material for a contrast just as real if not quite so striking. It is therefore a real gain to the cause of the spiritualities when they get expression in terms of good solid stone and mortar. There are genuine religious values, in addition to denominational advantage, in the opening of a substantial building office of fine gray stone, near the business heart of London, well provided with office room, library, museum, and other needed convenience, as the home of the London Missionary Society. Simultaneously, there is completed in the Metropolis on this side the water the splendid church erected by Congregationalists at Broadway and Fifty-sixth streets. This church is noticeable by reason of the thoroughness with which it has adopted the modern conditions of metropolitan life, and stacked its rooms and activities one above another in a lofty and massive tower.

When a church puts a million dollars into a building, and then puts men and women enough into it to vitalize and popularize it, the community is bound to respect the spiritual convictions of that church.

To the world's stock of significant documents must be added the petition of St. Petersburg workingmen in January last. Their appeal to the Czar opens in this wise: "Sire: We workmen, inhabitants of St. Petersburg, of all classes, our wives, children, and indigent parents, come to you, our sovereign, as king, for protection. We are poor, persecuted, burdened with labor beyond our strength. We are insulted, treated not as men but as slaves, who ought to bear their cruel fate in silence. We have suffered, but are being plunged deeper in the mire and deprived of our rights. Uninstructed, stifled by destitution and injustice, we are perishing. We have no strength left. Sire, we have arrived at the extreme limits of endurance; we have reached the terrible moment when death is to be preferred to a continuation of our intolerable sufferings."

When you read of strikes, mobs, desperate speeches, or even bursting bombs, remember that it was a procession of 150,000 unarmed laborers, with their wives and children, bearing a petition occasioned by these wrongs, conceived in this spirit, expressed in these terms, of whom 2,000 were killed and 3,000 wounded by imperial soldiers before the Winter Palace Gates, Sunday, January 22, 1905. We repeat, among the important historic documents that mark new stages in the march of liberty, is to be reckoned this pathetic, disregarded, but not ineffectual petition of the People of Russia.

The Study of Comparative Religion.

The practically unanimous verdict of all who receive instruction in Comparative Religion is that in its effect upon the student, minister and layman, it is a greater liberalizer than any other subject in either the university or theological curriculum. Men come through a course on this topic impressed anew and most strongly with the innate nobility and worth of man, who through untold ages has sought divinity and given devotedly his homage when he thought he had found it. During those ages man's sight has been growing more penetrating and his atempts at service more intelligent and rational as he has come to see ever more clearly the worshipfulness of deity. His worship has continually deepened and spiritualized and strengthened. No less is the student impressed with a profounder reverence for Deity itself. For this study reveals throughout the ages his spirit striving with man to lead the latter to nobler conceptions of thought and action.

With these facts known, with the acknowledgment on the part of students of the service this department has done them, with the deepened sympathy for even the lowest of the human races and the congratulations and godspeed engendered by its teachings, the wonder is that in but four or five of our churches, colleges and universities, is there a chair of comparative religion. Most to be wondered at is that in our own school at Meadville this is the case. The occupant of the chair of the Old Testament gives what instruction is now given there, and uses less than a seventh of his classroom time for this subject, great, important, and live though it is.

Two years ago our catalogue mentioned this need. Since then that want has not been allowed expression, though it is the one most pressing. The great pity is that our men go to their work for mankind with only the smattering of instruction they receive, when a larger and more worthy course would strengthen all departments in which instruction is given. Sermonizing, church history, philosophy and theology, the departments of the Old and the New Testament,—all would receive illumination, illustration and force from such a course.

The West has not yet established a chair in our school. Here is a subject worthy of that West, of its great reaches, its magnificent rivers, its lofty and extensive mountain ranges, its large-hearted and sympathetic people. Why should not the West open its benefactions to our school by an endowment of such a chair, and do it at once?

GEO. W. GILMORE.

Fasting.

Lent is "an annual fast of forty days beginning with Ash Wednesday and continuing until Easter." It claims to be in commemoration of Christ's forty days' fast. The churches observing Lent with some command or suggestion for fasting include more than three-fourths of the christian population of the world. They have had this custom in some form for fifteen hundred years. The drift in many churches which have paid no attention to Lent is now toward some recognition of it. But there is confusion as to what ought to be done or what it is wise to do, and it begins with the religious fast.

It is evident that there are good reasons for certain facts which are not religious. The athlete, the person under mental strain, or any special excitement of joy or sorrow learns to fast. It is a natural, sensible act and no revelation of God nor dispensation of the church is needed to bring it. For this kind of a fast there must be liberty of action, each life a law unto itself; the attempt to herd people and give them rules would defeat the end.

The religious fast goes farther than this. Its advocates have claimed that it is first something that God wants from us. It helps reveal him to us by making us more receptive to spiritual, supernatural impressions. The reduced vitality and increased nervous excitability have no doubt helped people to see visions, hear voices and dream dreams; fasting long enough brings delirium, and many a religious devotee has gone

to that extreme, but what he got and gave to others as a revelation was as abnormal as the brain products of the opium eater and the victim of delirium tremens. And then it has been supposed that fasting pleased God because it mortified the flesh. Matter is evil and the more you can abuse the body, the better the soul will become: all God cares for is a good soul, so he is pleased to have a St. Simon or a St. Daniel who make it their only business to fast and pray.

Fasting as a religious act has also been supposed to rouse God's pity. Calvin thought it "a testimony of humiliation in the presence of God when we are desirous of confessing our guilt before Him." Fasting has been observed to ward off national calamities, to express sorrow for the dead, to prepare for a sacrificial meal; the underlying thought being that, all this is pleasing to God and it pleases him because he cares for our souls, and to care for our souls, we must despise the body.

The fast as we have it now in Lent is a purely church affair and varies so much in different churches and in the same church that one can hardly get a clear idea as to why or how it should be observed.

And yet here is a custom that clings to us, or we to it, in such a way as to demand attention and many are asking is there anything christian in the religious fast, and if there is, how may we find it?

The first necessity is to get a right idea of God. The mistakes about religious fasting are fundamentally mistakes about God. When we learn to interpret God first by his Fatherhood, when we make the "paternal the eternal," not something that came to him as an after element when man came, but that man came because God always has been and must be a Father, when we have started right every doctrine and duty and custom in religion, or anywhere else must now be tested by this conception of God.

And next we need to review the sayings and life of Jesus on this matter. The Lenten fast is supposed to get its authority from him.

He speaks but twice of fasting. His own fasting was purely an individual affair. There was nothing eccleseastical or traditional about it. It was not a fast to satisfy or please or propitiate God, but a natural abstinence demanded by body and mind to help him the better adjust himself to this crisis of his life, and yet it was also a religious fast in the only true sense, because it was an abstinence in the interests of his duty toward God, his fellow men and himself. It was a fast we can all understand the reason of, and must follow under like circumstances. But to make this a literal custom for all at a given season, is to lose sight of its deepest meaning.

And the christian doctrine of fasting also depends on a right view of the world and ourselves. Our age is most in danger of pampering the body and starving the soul, a reaction, it may be against the teaching that, to crown the soul we must crucify the body. When we see that this is God's world and that we are to help him bring his kingdom into every part of it, when we make the soul minister to the body and the body to the soul, each now necessary to the other, when we pay less attention to a few perfunctory, spasmodic self denials and find that the christian life is the one permeated by the spirit of self-denial, when we get rid of that monstrous logic that makes something allowable outside of Lent that must be denied during Lent in order to be religious, when we make this season one of spiritual possibilities, by a hearty cooperation in religious worship and work, then these questions who must fast, and when, and how will be answered right.

JOHN FAVILLE.

Trees in Winter Time.

Nowhere is the adage, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," more applicable than to the trees of a winter landscape. As Michael Angelo prized, beyond all adornment, the simple severity of the marble lines in the famous "Torso," which he was accustomed to call his master, so does one get a new and deeper sense of beauty from the unobscured outlines of Nature's handiwork in the forest. Instead, then, of sighing for the tropical luxuriance of Florida and California, or cherishing fading memories or delayed hopes of summer radiance in your present neighborhood, revel, while yet you may, in the peculiar and sufficing beauty of your own trees in wintertime.

At this season of the year, their beauty of structure and grace of line are much more conspicuous than when they have put on the more massive adornment of *bulk* and *color* in the dense enswathement of summer leaves. This charm is not simply different, it is of a higher quality, subtler and more refined. Summer's beauty is sensuous; winter's is intellectual and spiritual. It is also more varied and specific.

Each woodland species discloses its peculiar characteristics now as at no other time. Here, the close, thick-set spines of a tamarack swamp show the detrimental results of a selfish use of plenty untempered by hardship. On that ridge above them, the sturdy, angular thrust of oaken branches emphasizes the inflexible temper which has for ages made their beams the keels of navies and the roofs of Parliaments. Out on yonder level, tall, rigid Lombardy poplars, with close tucked limbs, like the tightly drawn elbows of a shivering school-boy, speak, in their very attitude, of northern plains swept by chilling blasts.

Now, too, one's thought is led onward into reverential mood by the arching elms that overhang stream and highway and convert the prosaic avenues of common traffic into aisles of Gothic minsters and Cathedrals,—the shapely trunks and interlacing branches bearing indisputable witness to the source from which our forest-loving ancestors drew inspiration for the architecture of their house of worship. Modestly withdrawn behind the sheltering branches of some more robust companion, the motherly maple discloses, in the swelling buds tipping every twig, her prepared-

ness, earliest of nature's purveyors, to offer craving hunger the nourishment of her delicious nectar.

In these days may also be seen to best advantage the maidenly birches, clothed all in white, with wind-blown, disheveled hair and feet hidden in ruffled billows of drifted snow, while the tracery of their graceful forms lifted above the horizon converts all the landscape into one grand masterpiece of Corot.

Leaving single trees and varieties, where can one behold a more entrancing vision, for purity and loveliness, than that beheld when Winter has wrapped the vegetation of a hillside in a soft and fleecy robe of stainless ermine; or what spectacle can be so bewitchingly brilliant as the countless flashing jewels that burn and dazzle beneath the sun that rises upon an ice-covered forest after a night of sleet?

More appealing than even this, perhaps, is the delicate network of slender branches interwoven in dainty outlines and patterns against the enhancing background of an amethyst sky. Especially is this true as one looks up, on the edge of evening, through the frosty clearness of night when the crisp air is pure and still, and the silent stars shining down through the ordered disorder of shrubbery blend perfect grace with infinite majesty.

Adding an indefinable charm and sweetness peculiarly its own, is that suggestive undertone of tender green, visible whenever large masses of twig-surface are viewed in strong light, which shows this present state of repose to be not the torpidity of death since over all is spread the beautiful flush of healthful sleep.

GRANVILLE R. PIKE.

Spring in the South.

Now in the oak the sap of life is welling,
Tho' to the bough the rusty leafage clings;
Now on the elm the misty buds are swelling,
See how the pine-wood grows alive with wings;
Blue-jays fluttering, yodeling and crying,
Meadow-larks sailing low above the faded grass,
Red-birds whistling clear, silent robins flying—
Who has waked the birds up? What has come to pass?

Last year's cotton-plants, desolately bowing,
Tremble in the March wind, ragged and forlorn;
Red are the hillsides of the early ploughing,
Gray are the lowlands, waiting for the corn.
Earth seems asleep still, but she's only feigning;
Deep in her bosom thrills a sweet unrest.
Look where the jassmine lavishly is raining
Jove's golden shower into Danae's breast!

Now on the plume the snowy bloom is sifted,
Now on the peach the glory of the rose,
Over the hills a tender haze is drifted,
Full to the brim the yellow river flows.
Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten,
Greener than emeralds shining in the sun.
Who has wrought the magic? Listen, sweetheart, listen!
The mocking-bird is singing Spring has begun.

Hark, in his song no tremor of misgiving!
All of his heart he pours into his lay,
"Love, love, love, and pure delight of living:
Winter is forgotten: here's a happy day!"
Fair in your face I read the flowery presage,
Snowy on your brow and rosy on your mouth:
Sweet in your voice I hear the season's message—
Love, love, love, and Spring in the South!

March, 1905. —*Henry VanDyke.*

A Congress of Religion and Dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Under date of February 24th, 1905, the following circular letter and tentative "Call" were sent to the members of the Directory of the Congress of Religion. Letters of similar import were also sent to a few friends outside the Directory. The answers, so far as secured, offered below, are of such tenor as to justify the public promulgation of the announcement and invitation. The General Secretary is for the month of March enjoying his annual escape from Chicago weather and work in Texas.

The work of preparing the program and perfecting of details will be taken up immediately on his return April first. Meanwhile all those who read this article as officers of religious, ethical, civic or educational organizations, or as individuals, will please consider the invitation official to them and the organization they may represent.

Suggestions and co-operation are solicited.

Respectfully,
(Signed) JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
General Secretary.

Oklahoma City, Okla., March 8th, 1905.

The Letter.

This is the first and hurried draft of a call which I want to issue as soon as possible. For efficiency's sake, I should like to affix the names of the full directory. At the last general meeting at Los Angeles no change was made, hence the Directory remains as above.

May I hear from you at your earliest convenience, not only with suggestions concerninig the accompanying call and the consent to use your name, but with suggestions as to topics and speakers for the program. I myself am on the eve of starting on my usual spring escape; will spend the month of March in Texas, but mail concerning the Congress and dedication will follow me and I will have time to do considerable correspondence during my sojourn away from parish distractions and March winds, so please answer as promptly as possible.

Can I count on your attendance? No dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre would be so adequate, to my mind, as a heart-full and thought-full Congress of Religion.

Ever yours in cordial fellowship,
(Signed) JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
General Secretary.

Chicago, February 24th, 1905.

The Tenth General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

In response to an invitation from the minister and people of All Souls Church, Chicago, a general meeting of the Congress of Religion is hereby called, which will be held in and for the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, which henceforth is to house All Souls Church, the Unity publication interests and the general offices of the Congress.

The preliminary steps for the organization of this Congress were taken during the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893. It was organized the following year at Sinai Temple, in which building the first two general meetings were held. The other general sessions were held at Indianapolis, Ind., Nashville, Tenn., Omaha, Neb., Boston, Mass., Buffalo, N. Y., De Funiak Springs, Fla., and Los Angeles, Cal. Under its auspices many local congresses have been held throughout the Mississippi valley and on the Pacific coast.

These all have been held in the interest of the common multiples of *belief*. It is felt that there now prevails a sufficient unity of conception and aim to make possible a step in advance, and to justify a Congress to consider how those common ends most desired among us may be attained—a Congress based frankly upon the idea of the *unification of religious activities* wherever possible.

It is hoped that this tenth general session of the Congress will prove a significant one, worthy its predecessors and the immediate occasion and the commanding topics which call it together. To this end, an official invitation is hereby ex-

tended to all churches, religious conferences and associations, theological schools, ministers and interested laymen under whose eye this invitation may fall.

Inasmuch as the Congress assumes no executive functions, seeks only to become an object lesson in fraternity and to offer an open platform where representatives of differing forms of thought may compare notes, exchange greetings and enjoy the communion of the open fellowship, no formal basis of delegates will be necessary. All will be made welcome; though it is hoped that such churches and religious organizations as find themselves in sympathy with this Congress will send at least their minister or other representative officer and one lay delegate.

Further details of program and other interests will be sent, as fast as developed, on application. Suggestions or other correspondence solicited. All communications should be addressed to the General Secretary.

Soliciting the co-operation of those who must remain away as well as those who come, we are,

Fraternally yours,

Chicago, February 23, 1905.

Letters from Directors.

FROM PRESIDENT H. W. THOMAS:

Just received your circular letter. I endorse every word. The Congress of Religion has helped open the way to the larger life that is everywhere so apparent in the thought and work of the churches. Indeed, the churches are in a large sense doing our work. Hence it is proper and wise that the Congress should be most fully recognized in the dedication of Lincoln Centre. It will give to All Souls Church a wider setting and surrounding in the growing outside world; a permanent place in which the *Animus*, the spirit, may find a sense of home, and expression—a body as it were. And it will help the Congress of Religion. We need a great meeting to bring the forces together, awaken renewed interest and plan for larger activities in the near future.

FROM DR. E. G. HIRSCH, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS:

I agree with you that nothing is more in harmony with the purposes of your Lincoln Centre than the Congress. Still I am a very poor hand at making arrangements and I really have no suggestions to offer as to speakers, but it goes without saying that I shall do my utmost to help you.

FROM LEO FOX, TREASURER OF THE CONGRESS:

Your favor of the 24th ult. came duly to hand. I have no objection to your using my name to the Call for a general meeting of the Congress of Religion, and I hope that whatever is done will be for the benefit of humanity. * * * * I certainly think the Abraham Lincoln Centre will be a very appropriate place to hold the above meeting and wish it the greatest possible success.

Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Jones, on the completion of Lincoln Centre. May many years be added to your already strenuous life so that you may enjoy and realize in the near future the many good results always so near to your heart in this, your life's undertaking.

As regards making suggestions as to topics and speakers for the program, I feel very much that this will be in better hands when left to you.

FROM REV. S. M. CROTHERS, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS:

Please put my name on the draft of the Call for the meeting of the Congress of Religion. I wish I could say I could attend, but I fear that I cannot arrange it unless it comes at a time when I can unite it with some other business taking me west.

I congratulate you and All Souls Church on the nearness of the completion of your new building.

FROM REV. F. E. DEWHURST, CHICAGO:

Your plan for a Congress of Religion in connection with the dedication of Lincoln Centre strikes me most favorably, and I certainly shall hope to be there, if you don't pitch on a date that will cut me out.

As to topics, it seems to me that among others, it would be well to strike the "Religious Education" note, and I should think—would speak a good stirring word in that direction. There ought to be something to voice the forward movement in municipal civics. * * * I should be glad to hear what a thoroughly broad-minded and liberal Catholic would have to say regarding your special Centre, if you can find the man of that sort.

FROM PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, OF LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY:

I am interested in the Congress of Religion and shall be glad to attend it if possible. I expect to start for Europe in the last week of May and might stop in Chicago on the way, if the dates fit. If I am there, it would be a pleasure for me to talk to your people. Our Commencement Day is May

THE PULPIT.

"The Spirit in the Whisper of the Wheels."

A SERMON BY REV. FREDERIC E. DEWHURST.

Rom., 12:2. Be not fashioned according to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the will of God, even the thing which is good and acceptable and perfect.

No questions run deeper into human interest than those which touch the relation of our life to the external situation in the midst of which our life unfolds. Which is the determining thing, the situation or the man? Which is the fixed and unvarying factor in the problem, the man's world, or the man's character and his ideals? Is this world, with its mass of precedents, customs, traditions, the fixed fact, to which at every stage man is simply to adjust his life, or is there in man himself some living energy of will, some gleam of fire from the eternal heart, by reason of which he is to react upon this mighty world and make it yield a little for him?

This is the question, I say, which runs deeper than almost any other into the heart of our human interests. It is the question which in countless issues of life simply conpels us to take sides.

Many years ago an eminent thinker formulated a definition of life which has had a pronounced influence, not only in the field of biology, to which it was first applied, but, by inference, in nearly every other field. "Life," he said, "is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." But after we read the definition and think about it, we still find ourselves asking, "Who is to get the most comfort out of that view of life, the tory or the reformer? What is the nature of the adjustment? Which yields in the process, the external relation or the internal relation, or both?" It is easy to imagine both Cromwell and the king claiming it as a weapon for his own arsenal, with almost equal propriety. A Burke and a Robespierre, a Clay and a Garrison might have written it as a text for their respective doctrines of life. "Adjustment," what is it? Is it out and out conformity to the necessity of an unyielding external order, or is it the transformation of that external order, to some degree, by reason of some deep conviction, that is lodged in the heart?

If we apply this definition to the field of biology itself, it is by no means clear that the types of creature who have survived are those who have merely slid through, by some slick and easy conformity to the environment in which they dwelt, surviving by merely dodging the issues, turning the sharp corners and following, at every point, the line of least resistance. It is perfectly clear that the survival of the strong means nothing of the kind. Survival is not just a matter of bumping along from side to side of the universe, and pulling through because there is brute strength and stolidity enough to stand the shocks. The strong who have survived have been those who have conquered by reason of some energy within them akin to faith, something like an ideal, which imposes itself upon the outer order and makes it conform. Let us now apply this distinction for a moment to the subject of education. There are two very interesting statements of the meaning of education, each of which, includes elements of profound truth. One of these statements proceeds from the President of Columbia University; the other, from Dr. Felix Adler.

The former affirms that education is the "plastic period of adjustment of our self-active organism to

our hereditary acquisition, that vast and noble environment which is represented by our art, our science, our literature, our institutions, and our religious life. Just as in his earliest years the child receives his animal inheritance, and adjusts himself to his environment physiologically, so, in the period of education, it remains for him to receive his human inheritance." "All education," he says, "must start from the child and lead into human civilization." Now this statement is obviously a description of what our schools and teachers and systems of education have more or less imperfectly succeeded in doing. By our contact with school and college we do come into some possession of our heritage from the past. We receive what the great world holds in trust for each succeeding generation of its children. We think the thoughts of the past. We are moulded into unity of feeling and of action because this heritage is continued and made over to each generation anew. Emerson said, you remember, that "what Plato thought, all men may think. What a saint has felt all may feel;" and there is a certain sense in which education exists in order that we may think as Plato and other great men have thought, and may feel as the saints, the poets and the seers have felt. Thus the internal adjusts to the external. The individual receives, accepts and conforms to that historic inheritance which makes the world of civilization, and human society what it is at any moment.

But is this all? Would this seem to any of us really adequate and final if left just there? Is there not something else to be said? Let us hear just a sentence spoken by Dr. Adler to his teachers in the Ethical Culture School. "The ideal of this school," he tells them, "is not the adaptation of the individual to the existing social environment; it is to develop persons who will be competent to change their environment to greater conformity with moral ideals; that is, to put it boldly, to train reformers. But by reformers are meant persons who believe that their salvation consists in reacting beneficently upon their environment. This ideal of beneficent transformation of faulty environment, is the ideal of this Society and School."

Now in each of these two views there is a distinct contribution to the entire fact concerning education. The first necessity is to become possessed of our historic heritage; to make part of our very selves those forces, those ideals and streams of life which make the world what it is to-day. Suppose one does not have something of this equipment. Suppose he goes out into life without a real insight into these historic forces, without a sense of the slow accumulations which make men and society what they are to-day, and then brings his inner life and his ideals to bear upon the world. What is the result? It is just precisely the result which we may witness any day—the spectacle of men who are brave, earnest, devoted, but who lack breadth of view, lack the poise and the patience which come from a vital contact with their historic heritage. They have zeal, but not "zeal according to knowledge." They undertake to readjust human society, and to reform the character of men without the slightest appreciation of those inherited forces which make every man what he is. To make the wrong right, the false true, the bad good, seems to them as easy as walking out of one room into another. It is the type of men which Mr. Morley has so well described, men in whom "political logic is apt to turn into a strange poison, who will not rest until they have drained first principles to their very dregs, and argued down from the necessities of abstract reasoning, until they have ruined all the favoring possibilities of concrete circumstance."

The reformer who has the historic sense, the insight into human nature, the patience and the steadiness which come with these, is in the highest sense of the word a statesman, whether his statesmanship bear upon the State, the Church, or that most difficult art of all, the task of ruling his own spirit. And in order that we may clearly see that the culture which gives this breadth of view is by no means confined to the culture of the books and the schools, let us remind ourselves that the history of man has developed few finer embodiments of such statesmanship, than our own Lincoln, of whom no more discerning words have been spoken than those by Emerson in his funeral oration, wherein he described Lincoln as "the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of the continent; father of his country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart; the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

But the greatest truths often lie near to the greatest sophistries. The men who have a lance to break with "the doctrinaire reformers," as they please to call them, and who are forever pleading the necessity of a practicable statesmanship, are sometimes the men who notoriously use the cloak of statesmanship to hide the rags of their surrender to tradition, and their compromise with principle. They have conformed to the world, in the sense that they have an understanding of the forces, the traditions, the customs, the opinions which make it what it is, but have not been transformed by the renewing of their minds, nor do they wish seriously in any way to transform the world by the vision they see, the ideal they cherish. And this is what gives tremendous import to Dr. Adler's conception of education as the instrument of developing those who will be competent to change their environment.

I am sure we shall never rest permanently content with an ideal of the higher education which makes it merely an academic and colorless interpretation of history, the mere portrayal to a listless and inert age of what its own past has been. Out of it somewhere must be born the passion for the ideal, the bracing of the will, faith in an order which is eternal, and is therefore plastic and dynamic, never static, never complete. Unless we can cherish that ideal, and with increasing momentum press toward it, we might as well write above our portals of education once for all, the terrible indictment of those searching, blazing words, "Though I have all knowledge and have not love, I am nothing." Archimedes said, "Give me a place on which to stand and, with my lever I will move the world." That is the splendid enthusiasm which burns bright in the hearts of our young people as they come eager to the tasks of life. They have the faith which can remove mountains and cast them into the sea. They have the lever of an idealism which can move the world. They do not want to succumb to it. They do not for a moment dream of compromising with it. I never knew a man worth knowing in my college days who was a cynic, or a pessimist or a disbeliever in ideals. They expected to make their impact on the world. They knew they could change it. And it is the part of education, it is the function of the schools to furnish the *pou sto* which Archimedes wanted, the

place on which to stand, far enough off from the world to make the lever long in order that it may lift the weight with ease. And that education which brings us into possession of our historic inheritance, and which at the same time kindles the inner fires, awakens the passion of the soul, supplies both the place on which to stand and the mighty lever with which to perform the task.

The words of Paul, with which we started as a text, seem to set before us two very clear but mutually exclusive standards of life. But we have already seen that neither in statesmanship nor in education will such mutually exclusive view stand for a moment. Let us see if this is not true in general, and as applied to other things. If we should attempt to trace the influence which such counsel as this has had in history, we should in the first place find men giving it a very literal interpretation. Not to be conformed to the world, or to be fashioned by the age, as the expression more exactly means, was quite the same as not loving the world, and not to love the world meant to despair of it. And that confessedly is what the early Christians did. They despaired of it. They were pessimists as to any real recovery of the world itself. And so they waited with much impatience for the age to come to its end, which they believed would be speedy, and for the new world, the spiritual order, to be ushered in. To be transformed by the renewing of their minds would thus mean little more than the conversion into a state of passive preparedness for the end of the age, and the dawn of a new and better order.

But after men became disenchanted of this expectation—though in every age there are a few who have not been disenchanted—they began to think of the world, not as an age which was to pass away, but as the organization of those ways and interests from which they must keep aloof. Thus grew up the practice of monasticism. The ideal life was something to be lived apart. It was a life of contemplation, a life of prayer, a life of vigils. It was a life not meant for actual wrestling with the forces of the world. It was easy to heed the call to renew their own minds, but that the renewed mind, the inward vision should then react upon the stubborn world and transform that—this is a conception which you must not expect to find in the mediaeval interpretation of the spiritual life.

Now the mediaeval interpretation is a part of our historic religious inheritance, and when we know how to use it, it is a very noble and beautiful inheritance. It is like the old china which you inherit from your father and mother on your wedding day. You should put it behind glass doors in the cabinet, where you can view it with admiration and filial regard. You should not turn it over to careless maids. There is, for instance, Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," so reverent, so tender, so beautiful and devout. But it is not an imitation of Christ. It is a noble illustration of a devotion which was utterly detached from the world. But it is just the survival of a type and a tendency like that which introduces into our present life some of its greatest perplexities and confusions. And of all these confusions and perplexities there is none greater than those which gather about our ideas of materialism and of spirituality. For many of us, in a thousand subtle ways, the material and the spiritual are even yet contradictory and irreconcilable ideas, and this is the great religious sophistry of our own age, upon which we need clearer and saner thought than for the most part we have.

When it comes to faith, to ideals, to downright spiritual vision, if I must make a choice I will say farewell to the Indian Brahmin and to the Christian monk —and I will say "All hail" to that noble builder of the first Brooklyn bridge. For, stricken with caisson fever in the early stages of the work, he was permanently invalided and unable to superintend the task. But when the bridge was done—when its fair form spanned the stream, crowded with the commerce of the world, when it was ready to be opened to the tramping feet of men, he was taken to the window overlooking the river, where he sat long and silent, while the tears rained down his face as he looked on the child of his dreams. Then turning to his wife, he said: "Yes, it looks just as I saw it long ago."

If that is not idealism, where will you find it? And if the men who in these great years have been transforming the silent invisible laws of nature into the visible and material servants of human need are not idealists in a fine and triumphant sense, then we are indeed sunk in the slough of materialism. In that strange, mystic vision of Ezekiel, the meaning of which perhaps no man knoweth, there is the picture of the wheels revolving in strange movements and fantastic lights, and with them he saw living creatures and he tells us that the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. That is the part of the vision that seems to make contact with our present life. For we, too, begin to see the spirit of the living creature within the wheels. We begin dimly at last to know that in the great intricate movements of our world on the practical and external side, there is the embodiment of courage, of insight, of faith, which makes it all the expression of spiritual life.

This saner view of things has found its poet to some degree in Edwin Markham, and in the poem of the Mighty Hundred Years he tells how man,

"With spell of wizard science on his eyes,
Pushes back the low unfriendly skies
To feel the wind of Saturn on his face.

"He walks abroad upon the Zodiac,
To weigh the worlds in balances, to fuse,
Suns in his crucible, and carry back
The spheral music and the cosmic news."

And he represents the powers of water, fire and air and the lightning, recognizing the mastery of man and speaking thus to him:

"We love the craft that found our hidden place—
The beauty of the cunning of thy hands;
We love the quiet empire of thy face;
Hook us with steel and harness us with bands!

"Make us the genius of the crooked plow;
The spirit in the whisper of the wheels;
The unseen Presence sitting at the prow
To urge the wandering, huge, sea-cleaving keels."

Now, I need hardly say that men may do all these great things and still not do them in a great way. They may do them in a brutal, heedless and selfish way. They may aim distinctly to get at results which war against all the finer things of life. I do not mean there is not the degrading power of materialism, degradation, meanness, brutality working through material things. But I mean to say only that what we call materialistic civilization is not necessarily that; that, on the other hand, the most of our material things are the embodiment of ideals of some sort, and that ideals which do not get embodiment or which do not admit the actual existence of a material world to be battled with, made plastic and obedient, is not an idealism that will really stand the test of permanence.

Of course, a man may do all these great things and

be a small man. He may build barns and grow rich, but not grow rich toward God; he may gain the whole world, and exploit its resources, and yet lose the finest and the sweetest things in life, just as it was with a certain famous man, of whom we read that "he expended all his fortune in building a magnificent house and then, breaking in health, had not wherewith to furnish the interior. The floors were bare, the walls were bare, the halls and galleries were empty. So he went about putting up slips of paper here and there. On one were the words,—'This is a Raphael of priceless value!' Yet there was no picture there. On the floor a piece of paper with the words, 'This is a rug from Constantinople.' 'A tapestry from Teheran.' In the center of the room another scrap of paper,—'This is a table which belonged to Louis Fifteenth.'"

How pathetic that a man should have a great house and nothing to put into it, outwardly imposing, inwardly a garret where rats might run.

And a man's life might be like that. The civilization of a nation might become like that. It has been true, both for men and for nations. For it is eternally true that "where there is no vision the people perish." Where there is no vision the man dies. But the remedy is not to try to find a vision and to build up a spiritual life which stands apart from all this outward structure, but to keep alive the vision out of which comes all greatness and all strength; to be transformed by the constant renewing of our minds and then to bring the renewal of the mind into effective work for some further transformation of the world. This is the way, to prove what is the will of God, even the thing which is good and acceptable and perfect, a will and purpose which were revealed unto the fathers and to men of old in part, but only in part, only as they turned to it with the courage of their own desire, the vitality of their own faith. To us, also, if we have courage and patience and faith and the vision, must the same will and purpose be revealed, for:

"All that we glory in was once a dream;
The World-Will marches onward, gleam by gleam.
New voices speak, dead paths begin to stir;
Man is emerging from the sepulchre!
Let no man dare, let no man ever dare
To mark on Time's great way—No Thoroughfare!"

Busy Man's Prayer.

O LORD, with toil our days are filled,
It rarely leaves us free;
Oh give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee.

Oh hear us, though we seldom ask,
And leave us not alone.
In every thought and word and task
Be near us, though unknown.

Oh lead us, wandering in the dark,
Send us Thy heavenly food,
And mark (as none on earth can mark)
Our struggles to be good.

—*Canon Ainger.*

At Hand.

The reign of God! His light and love and joy!
In glad consent I take his guiding hand;
In the bright sunshine where I live and move,
This quickening impulse is his kind command.

In him I am. In him I move and live;
He lives and moves and loves and is in me;
Direct my thoughts, dear Father; let me give
My heart, my voice, my strength, my all, to thee.

Yes, when I choose, I hear my Father's voice,
His word of conscience, and his joys my joys!
Among the children of the King I stand;
My God is here. His kingdom is at hand!

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Short Introduction to the Gospels.

Most of the material in this book Professor Burton has already published in the *Biblical World*, but the little volume will be none the less welcome to the general circle of readers and students for which it is intended. Here we find almost exclusively internal testimony the witness of the gospels to the gospels, searched out with critical acumen, and presented in fresh and readable fashion. Conciseness does not often militate against clarity, and the relations of conclusions to evidence are logically and convincingly traced. As a brief handbook for students of the gospels, our English literature of the subject has nothing so serviceable.

The chapter on the Fourth Gospel ought to be read in connection with Dr. Warschauer's excellent brochure, *The Problem of the Fourth Gospel*, which presents stranger evidence against the Johannine authorship than Professor Burton takes into account. His solution of the problem, that a later hand has edited into one book some dozen or more "gospel booklets" from the hand of John seems not wholly adequate. At least one reader feels that a John who could have written the "booklets" could have written the book. The problem, in a word, remains substantially what it was before.

CLAYTON R. BOWEN.
Meadville Theological School.

Notes.

Atlantic for February gives us another section of Thoreau's Journal. It is by all odds the most important paper in this number. The opening paper, by Edward Stanwood, has by no means the importance attributed to it by the position it occupies. It contains some good passages, but the keynote of the whole thing is partisanship. Still, the article tells a good deal of truth from that standpoint. Mr. Stanwood is so dead in love with tariff legislation that he has rendered himself incapable of doing his best work.

Outing has become one of the really charming magazines, and in a recent number gives us a remarkable paper on "Linnet Singing in London," and another on the "Heart of the Desert"—which unfortunately is too short. If *Outing* will veer away a little farther from *Sporting*, it will be easily the best outdoor magazine we have.

The Home Science Magazine deserves a notice for its simplicity and homefulness. Recently our home magazines have been given over to the evolution of women unfit to be daughters or mothers—a set of soulless journals, fitted to create a soulless set of women. A man who knows what he is about will keep these things out of his house.

E. P. POWELL.

No one has yet explained what actually happens when an irrestible force meets the immovable post, though many have thought deeply.—*Rudyard Kipling: The Light That Failed.*

*By Ernest DeWitt Burton. The University of Chicago Press. 1904. Price, $1.00.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The first lesson of education is the lesson of getting down to hard work, and doing the work thoroughly.

MON.—The world cannot be our intimate friend, patient with our eccentricities, smoothing our paths. We must learn this just as we learn not to pick up a live wire and not to fool with the buzz-saw.

TUES.—Let us thank every teacher who has helped us to see that, if we do anything as well as we can and keep on doing it, it must become interesting.

WED.—I know that there is no courage and no intellectual joy like the courage and the joy of that effort which ends in mastery.

THURS.—There is no strength and no glory like that of duty steadily and bravely done.

FRI.—He who loses his ideals loses the very bloom of life.

SAT.—Knowledge that does not overcome difficulties, knowledge that merely absorbs what it can without disagreeable effort, is not power; it is not even manly receptivity.

School, College and Character, by L. B. R. Briggs.

Three Rules for Being Happy.

[We regret that we cannot give the name of the author of this article.—ED.]

While I was in Boston I had the pleasure of meeting Alice Freeman Palmer. She was a doer of the word and not a hearer only, for once a week all through the hot summer she used to leave her peaceful, calm retreat by the seashore and go up to Boston to talk to children of the slums at the Vacation School.

These schools are kept through the summer in the poorest localities, and the children are given a morning's session of music, readings and pretty water-color sketches, etc., to look at. They can bring the babies with them, and many indeed could not come at all without the little ones.

Here is the story as Mrs. Palmer told it: One July morning I took an early train, a day that gave promise of being very, very hot even in the country, and what in the city!

When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare .

"Now," I said, "what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?" This was not a well-dressed assembly of young ladies, remember, who, no doubt, would have sat with stolid countenances and set jaws or conscious giggles. Not so with these children of the slums. What they were offered in good faith they received in good faith.

"Talk about life," said one girl. Imagine! "Life!" That tremendous subject!

"I am afraid that is too big a subject for so short a time," I said. Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee.

"Tell us how to be happy."

The tears rushed to my eyes and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as no doubt she lived! Perhaps dirty and foul-smelling. Happy! with burdens too heavy to be borne, seemingly. All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the word and echoed, "Yes, tell us how to be happy."

"Well," I said, "I will give you my three rules for being happy, but, mind you, you must all promise them for one week and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day." So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip one single day!

"The first rule is, that you will commit something to memory every day, something good; it needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse—do you understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried:

"I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind!" "That is it exactly!" I said.

"Something you would like to remember if you 'went blind,' and they all promised they would not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day, and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to? (Yes, there was one.) And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say: 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail and see the loveliness of it. Can you do it? They promised to a girl.

"My third rule is—now mind, don't skip a day—Do something for somebody every single day."

"Oh, that's easy!" they said. And I thought it would be the hardest rule of all. Just think, that is what those children said—"Oh, that's easy!"

Didn't they have to tend to babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?

Yes, I assured them it was.

Well, at the end of a week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said: "I done it!"

"Did what?" I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial baby asleep in her arms. Now, I will admit it was very stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away and I actually did not know what she was talking about.

"What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child in a rather hurt tone. "Oh!" I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it. So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was 'awful hard.' It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out without leaving baby, so I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standing at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes around the top of the house, and he had on a black neck-tie and he was so handsome!"

It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it was not laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

"Then there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feeling terrible when"—here she caught me by both hands and the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!" "Saw the baby's hair?" I echoed. "Yes, a little bit of sun came in the window and I saw his

(*Continued on page 63.*)

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Evening Rain.

Twilight down the west
Wanders once again;
With a gentler guest,
Singing in her train.

Harkens every breast,
Every heart and brain:
Peace, oh, peace is best!
Runs the sweet refrain.

So the world is blest,
Joy is not, nor pain;
Love itself learns rest
Of the summer rain.

John Vance Cheney, in the March Atlantic.

Foreign Notes.

THE BOERS AGAIN.—Owing to the persistent policy of silence on the part of the American press, those who have not actually forgotten the Boers in the later absorbing tragedy of Russia and the Far East are not unlikely to take with little thought and at their face value such an optimistic utterance as this from a recent editorial in the *World's Work* apropos of Mr. Kruger's funeral:

"The majority of the Boers are already well content to accept things are they are. They realize that the new organization of society under British direction means equal laws and universal freedom. It is already plain to them that their own blood will predominate in their own land. The life of the veldt has no attraction for the English-speaking emigrant, and with the ultimate exhaustion of the mines the gold-hunters will abandon the land they have ruined for so many years.

The English government boasts that no case of real distress caused by war has gone unrelieved. The burghers are taking up the duties of their new life so honestly and peacefully that the conservative *Spectator* urges that the constabulary be confined to the people of the country, and declares its opinion that the Transvaal is already prepared for representative institutions.

"The best proof of their national advancement is their industrial progress. They have had to contend with new and terrible stock diseases. They have had two bad winters in succession. Shortage of labor in the mines for many months dislocated the whole industrial machine. And yet they have done well. Through whole districts it is almost impossible to discover any trace of the ravages of war. In spite of the abuses of forced labor, the 50,000 Chinese now toiling in the Rand have restored Johannesburg to its old importance. The total output of gold for last year amounted to more than $79,000,000, or within 10 per cent of the largest sum ever taken from the mines in a single year. And even more significant than this is the growing prosperity of the Boers, and the firm and universal belief among them in the agricultural possibilities of their country."

But there is another side to the story. "I have had no success at all with the editors of papers in America," writes a foreign correspondent. "They all wrote most charming letters but think it better not to publish anything in favor of the Boers just now." Let us turn then to certain foreign papers whose human sympathies are not so exclusively regulated by concern about the "entente cordiale" with Great Britain.

And first some extracts from a French account of President Kruger's funeral. *Le Protestant* gives touching details.

On its arrival at Capetown, December 2, the body, followed by an immense throng, was transported to the *Hugenoten-Gedenkteken-Gebouw*, where, on a magnificent catafalque, it remained till December 7. During these five days thousands passed before the casket. An impressive service was held in the *Grote Kirk* before removal on a special train to Pretoria, accompanied by a group of faithful friends, including General Botha, M. Wolmarans and a guard of honor, composed of former officials and members of the government, all of whom had fought during the war. During this journey of about nineteen hundred kilometers, the train stopped eighty-four times, and at every station a throng had gathered to show what profound sympathy for the former president thrilled every Afrikander breast. Wherever it was possible the Sunday-school children were brought together and after a brief address sang hymns with as much sincere emotion as if it were their own pastor who was about to be interred.

We need not at this late day rehearse the details of the five days lying in state at Pretoria, and the great open-air service preceding the burial, but simply give certain extracts showing the persistence of the strong national sentiment.

"President Kruger may die, General Piet Joubert may fall, but the Word of God abides.

"We have fought, we have prayed, and we have lost our country. We must be and we are loyal to the flag that now floats over our country, but our sacred duty is to preserve and to develop the feeling of our nationality, our language and our customs and to bring our children up in them."

These words, from one of the pastors who conducted the service, express the general sentiment. Generals De Wet and Botha also exhorted their compatriots to continue Boers, and while loyal to the new government, to remain faithful to the spirit of President Kruger.

General Botha read to those present the last letter received by him from President Kruger, written a fortnight before his death, when he felt his end approaching. In reading it, says *Le Protestant's* correspondent, one is involuntarily reminded of St. Paul the apostle writing his epistles to his followers. These extracts follow:

"In the midst of all the trial and grief that have fallen to my lot, your attentions make me truly grateful. With all my heart I thank all of you who gathered at Pretoria to confer as to the present and the future. . . .

"Seek in the past all the good and the pure that you can find in it, base your ideal on that and strive in the future to realize that ideal. . . .

"It is a source of satisfaction to me that union and harmony prevail among you.

"Never forget the grave warning expressed in the proverbial saying: divide and rule, and see to it that it shall never be applicable to the Afrikander people. Then our language and our nationality will prosper. . . . What I may be able to see of that rests in the hand of God."

This letter, whose existence was known to but a few, made a profound impression.

At the close of the war certain Boer generals started on a tour through Europe to collect funds for the relief of the many widows and orphans. Their mission was naturally not agreeable to the British victors and Chamberlain himself gave such public unqualified assurances that the English would make these helpless sufferers their care that the Boers' mission was abandoned. What suffering and actual starvation followed, how slowly and inadequately the British promises were kept, is known only to those who have kept in touch with the situation. If there is a growing better understanding and good will between the races in South Africa, it is due less to any official action or system of relief than to the unflagging sympathy, tact, wisdom and devotion of an organized band of private workers led and inspired by Miss Emily Hobhouse, who, in spite of difficulties, slanders and governmental obstruction, have down to the present time not ceased their efforts to help these brave people to help themselves.

Aside from Miss Hobhouse and her central committee in London, the principal leaders of relief activity have been Count von Bothmer, of Wiesbaden, and Countess—or as she prefers to be called—Mme. Evelyndeyli Asinelli, of Geneva.

The latter, with English, Swiss and Italian connections, has for well-nigh a year and a half devoted all her energies to the cause and has had the satisfaction of sending to Miss Hobhouse in the last fifteen months some 56,500 francs ($11,300), contributed by the Swiss people. Her correspondence has been immense, including hundreds of letters to America in the endeavor to secure coöperation here. Now, at last, certain well-known Americans belonging to the International Council of Women, have become interested and it is hoped that some results will follow.

Miss Hobhouse, who when the first reports of the terrible suffering and absolute destitution and helplessness of the people in the devastated rural districts reached her, went back to South Africa and personally investigated conditions in both the former republics, is, now that actual famine

conditions are removed, perfecting her plans for the introduction of certain home industries among the women and girls of the Veldt. She has just returned again to South Africa to take up her residence in one of the poorest districts of the ruined country, live the life of the Boers, teach the lace industry to the women and girls—for this she takes with her two competent teachers, and continues as needed, the distribution of clothing, teams, seed, etc., which she so promptly and wisely organized in the days of first distress. Much money is still needed for her task. Copies of a private circular, outlining her plan for home industries, may be had by any one interested on application, with postage, to the compiler of these notes at 338 East Fifty-seventh street, Chicago.

It is significant that at the present time recourse has again been had to a personal mission to Europe for the purpose of collecting funds for the Boer orphanages and schools. General Kritzinger and Pastor Van Heerden are presenting their cause on the continent and were warmly welcomed in Geneva but a few weeks ago. Their great plea is for the maintenance of their native tongue. As acceptance of government support for the schools means the practical abandonment of their own language, they feel that at any sacrifice they must provide their own. General Kritzinger also takes occasion emphatically to deny the widely current story about President Kruger's millions. Where are they? he asks. Had they ever existed we should not need to appeal to the outside world for aid.

Only with the advent of a liberal ministry in England are we likely to get fuller light on Boer history since the war.

M. E. H.

Gleanings.

The river wooed him, caressed him, won his heart. It was just big enough to love. It was full of charms and changes, of varying moods and sudden surprises.

The river rolled on toward the sea, singing its morning song, creating and nourishing beauty at every step of its onward path.

Small souls, if they are of the right sort, sometimes have a way of growing, to the discomfiture of cynics and the gratification of the angels.

"There's lots of folks as have made a good livin' by mindin' their own business."

Wanting a thing continuously, unchangingly, unceasingly, year after year, he thought—longing to reach it as the river longed to reach the sea—such wanting might in course of time mean having.—*From Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rose of the River" in the March Century.*

Three Rules for Being Happy.

(*Continued from page 61.*)

hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more." And catching up the baby from the sidewalk she said, "see!" and I saw the baby's hair.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there were the browns, the reds, the golds which make up the Titian hair! Yes, it was truly beautiful.

"Now shall we go on," I asked, taking the heavy baby from her.

The room was literally packed this time, ten times as many girls and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I had not much more than got in the door than a pretty little Jewish girl with flashing black eyes leaped to her feet, and, striking an attitude in the middle of the floor, shouted: "Give me liberty or give me death!" This evidently was the thing she would like to remember if she went blind.

I wish you could have listened with me to the experience of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so closely commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.

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